A Need to Be Bred

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A Need to Be Bred

by jonnimir

Summary

Kinktober Day 13: Gags + Creampie.

Will and Hannibal roleplay a forced breeding.

Notes

Note that everything here is consensual and pre-negotiated, but it still contains lots of sensitive content, as one would expect from a rape scene, including a lot of "you want/need this" kind of monologue from the attacker.

Will had spent a lot of time constructing barriers and rebelling against anything stereotypically omegan, and it was a guilty pleasure to have fantasies that so thoroughly indulged in things that he would abhor in reality. But Will knew he could trust Hannibal with this, and when he told him about his fantasy, Hannibal was supportive and understanding, if somewhat reluctant to be as crude as Will wanted him to be. After many reassurances, a bit of time humoring Hannibal's gently probing psychoanalysis, and thorough negotiation, Will convinced him to go through with it.

They set the scene. There wasn't much prelude to the attack; Will would simply be assaulted in his room, held down, gagged, and forcibly bred. Just the anticipation of it was enough to send a shiver down his spine—it sounded hot, way too hot, to be forced to take loads of cum, to be bred against his will. He was on birth control, but it was easy enough to put that bit of information out of mind for the sake of the fantasy. By the time he was being wrestled onto the bed, even though he was snarling and biting as he fought back, he was already turned on and starting to get wet. Hannibal knelt on him, undid his trousers, and yanked them down. Then he ground against Will's ass, underwear between them, a hand buried in his hair.

Will's struggling was to no avail—Hannibal had him tightly pinned.

"Don't worry, sweet thing," Hannibal said in a low voice. "I know how badly you need to be bred, and I won't let you out of here until you're so full of my seed that you're sure to catch."

Will whined as Hannibal bit his ear. He was going from slightly wet to soaking very quickly, and he heard a sharp intake of breath when Hannibal caught a whiff. He started grinding more enthusiastically until Will could feel the now slick-damp fabric of his briefs dragging against his skin.

Hannibal's hand went down and rubbed at the damp spot.

"All wet and ripe for the taking, aren't you?"

Then, moving quickly, he pulled Will's underwear down and all the way off with his trousers. Will twisted, but his feet were trapped together until they were off, and then Hannibal was back on top of him and weighing Will down before he could successfully kick out.

Will let out a groan at the sudden weight on his back, and Hannibal quickly yanked his head back and stuffed a ball of underwear in his mouth while it was still open. Will could immediately taste his own slick, and even though he knew what Hannibal was going to do, it made him flush red with humiliation to be gagged with his own underwear and reminded so viscerally of how aroused he got from the rough treatment.

His muscles went weak, and Hannibal purred in his ear. "That's it. Just taste how eager your hole is to have me. Don't try to deny it."

Will whimpered. It was muffled by the fabric packed tight in his mouth. His hands curled into fists—partially from tension, partially to avoid giving the signal to stop when all he wanted

was for Hannibal to go further and further still—and he shivered as Hannibal's breath fell hot down his back, kisses pressed along his spine and cock hard between his legs.

Hannibal growled, fingers now pressing against his bare ass. "You're absolutely dripping. Have you been wanting me to breed you all this time, or would you open up like this for any alpha who mounts you?"

Will gave a muffled denial.

"Yes, you're just desperate, aren't you? But I'll make sure you get what you need."

Will shivered as Hannibal's cock teased his entrance. It felt so nice and big as it slid against the sensitive rim, and his back arched deeply, reflexively.

Hannibal pressed down on his upper back and pushed forward with his hips until the head popped through the rim and slid deep inside him. Hannibal grunted and thrust hard, and Will bit down on the damp fabric in his mouth. He was slick, but the stretch was still intense. Hannibal felt so huge, so *alpha* inside him, and the hand splayed wide on his back was so undeniably dominant, that it sent a thrill straight through him.

Hannibal was usually relatively gentle with Will, but this time, by Will's request, he was not. He fucked into Will with strength and speed, bit at his neck and shoulders, clamped his hands around Will's hipbones and yanked him back onto his cock so hard he grunted. He was not shy with his moans, his growls, his feverish gnawing and kneading and claiming. He did not pay any mind to Will's cock—he had only one goal here, and Will's pleasure was not it.

Will soon felt his hole stretching wider, and he whined. He wanted it so badly, but part of his mind was still anxious, as he knew it would be. He thrashed underneath Hannibal but was neatly pinned—legs spread far apart by Hannibal's knees, neck dented by Hannibal's teeth, wrists pinned to the bed by Hannibal's strong hands. All he could do was shake and take it, allow everything to wash over him in turn: the fear and desire, the hunger, the dulled echo of guilt and shame, the blistering fire of lust.

Hannibal sped up, knot rubbing at Will's rim, and Will again tried to shout, gnashed his teeth, but all he got was wet cloth and a stronger taste of slick in his mouth.

"Relax," Hannibal growled. "Take me in all the way, and I'll fill you up until you're good and pregnant."

Will moaned and twitched. He tried to say "no," but it came out as just another muffled moan. Tried to say "don't, please" but his lips were stretched around the makeshift gag and could make no such sound. Every word of begging through the gag, layered on top of his undeniable arousal, just sounded like something obscenely sexual. When he tried to close his thighs, Hannibal roughly spread them further apart, and he gave in to it. He felt his whole body surrender just as the knot popped in at full size, and his limbs jerked at the sudden shock. Hannibal growled and thrust in so hard and deep that it ached, and his teeth latched around their bond mark. It wasn't quite the same as a fresh mark, but Will still felt a heady rush of endorphins just as Hannibal came inside him, and it made his body clench hard and come, milking Hannibal's cock.

It was almost excruciating, the way the orgasm was wrung out of him. His whole body tense and shaking and Hannibal victorious on his back, filling him, knocking him up. He nearly sobbed as it coursed through him, and Hannibal just licked his earlobe and said, “I never knew you could be such a wanton creature. You needed to be bred so badly, didn’t you? I think you’d let anyone do this to you—you wouldn’t care, as long as you got a belly full of cum.”

Will whined. The flush of humiliation just made the arousal all the stronger; it wormed through him, filthy and hypnotic.

“It doesn’t matter now, though. I’ll get you pregnant, and you'll be all mine. You’ll never settle for anyone else’s knot again.”

Hannibal did not stop there. When his knot faded, he took the time to prop Will up and lap at the mixture of cum and slick that leaked from him. He purred, finally settling back on top of Will and sliding into him again.

“Your body tastes so fertile right now, so eager to bear my pups. You've been denying it all this time, but I'll make sure it's never left wanting again; I'll breed you every time you go into heat and keep you full and sated.”

The cum inside him was making him so slippery that it was obscene. Hannibal held him down and pounded into him hard, deep. He spread Will’s legs and ass as far apart as possible and delved in, rutting against a spot that pulled small noises from his throat unbidden, until he shuddered and came.

When Hannibal knotted and came inside him a second time, Will felt high. He came when he was ordered to, milking Hannibal’s cock until he felt his belly swell. Hannibal murmured in his ear, telling him what a good breeder he was, how obedient and responsive, how beautiful he would be when he grew round with his pups.

And Will could only shudder, on the verge of overstimulation, Hannibal’s fingers carefully tracing around his nipples and pinching for the muffled cry it would give, the clench that would milk even more out of him.

He even managed one more round. Will was far past the point of struggling—his body so hot and welcoming, so pleased deep in his gut. He took Hannibal’s cock deep and was distantly aware of moaning like a whore when he felt the start of a knot and pressed back eagerly to take it once more. Hannibal praised him with a thick voice. Promised him he’d get another big load to make sure he got pregnant, promised to keep him bred so he’d never be empty again.

Will came when his knot popped in, and still felt like he was coming half a minute later when he could feel his womb stretch from how full it was, while Hannibal murmured filthy things in his ear. His whole body was shaking, overwhelmed, brain flooded with pleasure, teeth clenching on the gag, and it was only when Hannibal fisted his cock in firm unrelenting strokes that the pleasure finally peaked and he felt his muscles collapse, sated.

Will lingered in this foggy state of mind until Hannibal finally slipped out of him and he felt a warm trickle down his thigh. Hannibal gently took the gag out of his mouth, closing the scene, and settled beside him. He didn't touch Will, but asked, "How are you feeling?"

"Mm. Tired. Fuzzy. Worn out but… satisfied."

Will reached between his legs and dragged his fingers through the thick line of cum trickling out of his ass. He brought it into eyesight, and moaned at the visual proof of his breeding. He licked his fingers clean and watched how intently Hannibal's eyes tracked the motion. Then Will scooted closer, feeling a slight chill. Hannibal put his hand in Will's hair, and after it was clear the gesture was accepted, pet through it gently.

Will shivered. He tried to sort through the conflicting emotions and sensations in his body, and gave up, settling on something obvious. "I can't remember the last time I came that hard."

"You enjoyed yourself?"

"I'm not sure that's the best verb for it, but… yeah. And you liked the thought of breeding me too, didn't you? Even more than you expected."

It was Hannibal's turn to shiver slightly. "Yes. I did."

He was quiet for a while, observing the twist in his gut at these words. Then he couldn't help saying, "Makes me wonder how it would feel if you bred me for real someday."

Hannibal stopped breathing for a moment. Then he exhaled with a sigh. "Something for us to discuss at a later time, perhaps."

"Yeah, probably." He ducked his head under Hannibal's chin, and closed his eyes. "Later."

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